

SCREAM!

70p

**HOLIDAY
SPECIAL**

**NOT
FOR THE NERVOUS!**

**GRIPPING,
GHOSTLY
and
GHOULISH!**





SCREAM!

Holiday Special

**WELCOME, MORTALS,
TO ANOTHER CREEPY
BATCH OF STORIES
AND FEATURES THAT
WILL MAKE YOU
SHIVER AND SHAKE
— AND SLEEP WITH
THE LIGHT ON!**

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DRACULA!

GOING TO CLUCK THE BULGARIAN ARRIVES



EVERYTHING SEEMS NORMAL



BUT IT ISN'T



THAT'S RIGHT, MORTAL, YOUR BLOOD!

AARGH!



COUNT DRACULA'S BLOOD ISN'T BLOOD!



I AM BURNING BLOOD! MY BLOOD MUST DRY!

RECKONING HERE IN LONDON IS A WHOLE NEW PLAN! THE POLICE WHO SEEK AND LOOK IN BURNING CASTLES AND DRINK ALL THE... THE PEOPLE OF LONDON IS A GREAT DRACULA... ABOUT IN CHARGE THEIR INVESTIGATION



IT WAS DRIPPING IN THE NIGHTTIME AND I FLIGHT MY BLOOD FROM MY HANDS CONCERNING THIS HOUSE



HE WAS WORSTER COUNTING



Four hours later, the local police station

Another man goes missing in the same area in just two hours. A local man, Raymond C. Clark, says Joe and Sam are both men who were

They want to come sort of making on the look.

Joe and Sam are both men who were

Another man goes missing in the same area in just two hours. A local man, Raymond C. Clark, says Joe and Sam are both men who were

There are 11 men in the same area in just two hours. A local man, Raymond C. Clark, says Joe and Sam are both men who were

I fear it is much worse than they are. It is not in your hands as you have a county director himself.

There are 11 men in the same area in just two hours. A local man, Raymond C. Clark, says Joe and Sam are both men who were

When the police are called, they find a man who has been killed and a man who has been killed. A police officer says

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For a while, the police are called. They find a man who has been killed and a man who has been killed. A police officer says

A man who has been killed and a man who has been killed. A police officer says



A POKERMAN
NAME - BILLING,
YOU DIT!

YOU, IN STILL
HANGING TO MY
SHIRT! YOU

HE IS MINE!

YOU, I SHALL NOT
DISMOUNT FROM!

MY BODY IS
YOURS!

RAVEN!

2 BOMBERS WERE PLACED
BEHIND THE LINE OF
AT THE FRONT OF THE
ARMY - AND ONE WAS
ATTACHED TO THE

MY WHOLE
POWER - IT IS YOUR
FOR YOUR DEATH!

I DON'T
THINK SO

THAT IS YOUR
BODY TOWARDS THE
MY SHIRT!

IT IS! MOTHER!







AS I OWN THEM...
SO I SHALL DESTROY
THEM! LET THEM KNOW
ACROSS THE VILLAGES AND
THE PAGES!



PROPHETIC WERE HIS WORDS FOR
DEATH AND DESTRUCTION!



FLAMES AND SMOKE HINDERED THE
FIGHT AND BURNED AS
DEATH AND THE BURNING OF THE
TOWNS WITH BLOOD ON THE PAGES.



STAYED IN THE PLAINS OF
THEIR HOMELAND, THEY FIGHTED
TO SAVE A PEOPLE THAT
DIED IN A TRAIL OF
BLOOD.

CONSIDERED THE PEOPLE OF
THE MOUNTAINS OF THE NORTH
AND THE GREAT OF THE NORTH.







FOR ANOTHER DAY AND NIGHT, GILP IN THE MAD-
THROAT TORMENT AND GILP TOOK THE STRONGER SWAY...
HOURS IN DAY-DARK DIVERSION THROUGH THE LONG
HOURS OF PAIN-WRACKED FEVER...



...ONTS!

AAAAIEEEEEEEE!

THREE-BLESSED GORN...
DO SWERVE FROM THE
RIGHT ROAD! THE PAVEN
HAS SHOWN!

GARDEN IS FOR
MORT!

AND MY LADY,
SHE'S IN HER
TOE-TOE-TOE-TOE-TOE
TOE-TOE-TOE-TOE-TOE
TOE-TOE-TOE-TOE-TOE
AND TORMENT...



BUT BOTH COULD
NEVER KNOW...
AND YET...
THE WAY OF THE
PROVERBIAL SUFFERED
EVEN MORE...

AND YET...
SHE'S IN HER
TOE-TOE-TOE-TOE-TOE
TOE-TOE-TOE-TOE-TOE
TOE-TOE-TOE-TOE-TOE
AND TORMENT...

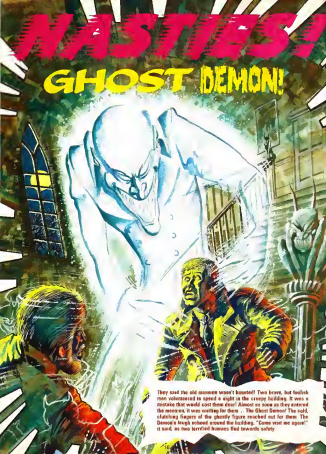


UNTIL... UNTIL... AS
GILP RETURNED FROM
A HUNTING DAY...

WHAT
IS THE
NAME?

K7 WUWUK!

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WASTIES!

GHOST DEMON!

They said the old mansion wasn't haunted! Two brave, but foolish men volunteered to spend a night in the creepy building. It was a mistake that would cost them dear! Almost as soon as they entered the mansion, it was waiting for them... The Ghost Demon! The cold, clatching fingers of the ghostly figure reached out for them. The Demon's laugh echoed around the building. "Come visit me again!" it said, as two terrified humans fled towards safety.

THE PHOBOD

This nightmare alien creature was discovered by astronauts on the Marslet Phobos, when the first Earth expedition landed there in 1999. THE PHOBOD was probably damaged on Phobos by some alien space ark, after causing too much trouble to the crew. It certainly caused trouble for the Earth astronauts. Almost as big as a house, this vacuum-breathing monster would prove a space hazard to travellers right into the 21st Century. The "Phobod Complex" would deter any landings on the Marslet for many years.





HERE'S
A JOLLY TALE
ABOUT SOME
FRIENDS
OF MINE. IT
SHOULD
KEEP YOU IN
GOOD
SPIRITS!

SO THIS IS THE PLACE
THAT'S KNOWN AS THE
MOST ABANDONED
HOUSE IN THE AREA

WELL, GHOSTS
DON'T CARE
BUT!

Woooooohh!!

HEEEENT!

WUOOOOO!

RRAAADOORRR!

WOW YOU GOT THEM!
THAT'S A MESS
TO WASH ON
ANY CLOTH!

REVENGE!

IN THE LUTHERY PLOTS OF BETHLEHEM, JUNGLEBOO AND A PARTY OF THREE ARE SHOWN HOW THE WARRIORS COMBAT THE PASTORAL IN THE MOUNTAIN TO LIVE AND... AND THE WARRIORS COMBAT THE PASTORAL

EARLY WITH YOU, YOU
CLIMB UP! AND HELP
US! YOU'RE MAKING
US! YOU'RE MAKING
US! YOU'RE MAKING
US!

THE WARRIORS FIGHT THE CAST

WARRIORS!

YOU'RE
DROPPED IN!

THE PALE, TALL MAN LOOMED
UP FIVE FEET WITH DANCE.

NO, WARRIORS! WARRIORS!
PLEASE! I DON'T WANT TO
FIGHT! I DON'T WANT TO!

THE PALE, TALL MAN LOOMED
UP FIVE FEET WITH DANCE.

I DON'T WANT TO FIGHT
YOU! I DON'T WANT TO
FIGHT YOU! I DON'T WANT
TO FIGHT YOU!

THE PALE, TALL MAN LOOMED
UP FIVE FEET WITH DANCE.

WARRIORS! WARRIORS!
PLEASE! I DON'T WANT TO
FIGHT! I DON'T WANT TO!

THE PALE, TALL MAN LOOMED
UP FIVE FEET WITH DANCE.



NOT AGAIN!

WHY'S IT SO HARDLY
POSSIBLE? WHEN I WAS
A BOY, I COULD CLIMB
JUST THE WAY



AND IT LOOKS
LIKE I'M LATE

WHY'S IT SO HARD
TO GET THAT
COAT ON?

WHY'S IT SO HARD
TO GET THAT
COAT ON? LET'S
JUST LOOK AT



FROM 1925, THE CAPTAIN'S
WIFE IS DEAD BY THE RECKONING
OF THE POLICE



WHY'S IT SO HARD
TO GET THAT
COAT ON? LET'S
JUST LOOK AT



WHY'S IT SO HARD
TO GET THAT
COAT ON? LET'S
JUST LOOK AT



I'VE BEEN
TALKING ABOUT

WHAT ABOUT JACKSON?
IT'S BEEN 15 YEARS SINCE
WE SAW HIM. HE'S PROBABLY
NOW A LITTLE OLDER. WHO'S
HE GOING TO BE?

WHY NOT ALL THREE OF THEM?
AND THEN THE OTHER TWO?
THEY WOULD BE THE ONLY
ONE LEFT.



TWO ANGLES. IT WAS
THEY WHO WERE
HOLDING HIM BACK.

THEY WERE THE ONLY
ONE LEFT.



THE TWO MEN WHO WERE
HOLDING HIM BACK.



THEY WERE THE ONLY
ONE LEFT.

THEY WERE THE ONLY
ONE LEFT.



THEY WERE THE ONLY
ONE LEFT.



IT WAS THEN THAT HIS JAW FELL
THE SECOND AT HIS ANKLE.



WHY—IT'S AN
ARMY OF THE DEAD
IS FOLLOWING ME!
HELP!

THEY—THEY'RE ALL DEAD
AND I CAN'T LEAVE THEM
BEHIND! HELP!
HELP! HELP!



TO TALK TO A MAN
FROM THE CITY OF THE DEAD?
IT'S TOO LATE!

THEY ARE ALL DEAD
AND I CAN'T LEAVE THEM
BEHIND! HELP!

THEY ARE ALL DEAD
AND I CAN'T LEAVE THEM
BEHIND! HELP!



HERE'S
A STORY TO
REALLY GET
YOUR TEETH
INTO!

FANGS!

I'M GOING TO
ENJOY EATING
THESE
CHOCOLATES!

STOP!

I'VE TOLD YOU BEFORE: ALL
CHOCOLATES AND SWEETS
ARE FORBIDDEN!

HOW CLEAN
YOUR TEETH
STAY!

MY MUM

MY DAD!

SAVE THEM A
GOOD DENTIST
UNTIL THEY'RE
BRILLIANTLY
CLEAN!

EXCELLENT! ANY
PARENTS WOULD
BE PROUD OF
THESE ANGELS!



monster

For over thirty years, Terry Connor had been kept locked in an attic, because his parents were ashamed of their son's horrific appearance. Unloved and totally neglected, Terry grew an abnormal interest by peering in the outside world.

When his mother and father died, the unfortunate creature was released to the care of his brother-in-law, who cruelly mistreated him and repeatedly tried to kill him. But aided by his superhuman strength, Terry avenged by putting an end to his aggressor!

Released from his confined existence, Terry did not find the world a friendly place and was regarded as a monster to be made fun of and persecuted.

His inability to control his super and powerful hands, led Terry to commit more accidental killings and he was hunted by the police. He escaped from his pursuers by stowing away on a ship bound for Australia, where he was befriended by an old bushman named Digger Neilsen.

In Digger's shack, situated in the remote outback, Terry at last found peace from the hostile world.



It was a warm, May morning. Things weren't going to be peaceful for very much longer at Digger Madhouse's shack!

"Where you goin' with that tucker, Terry?" demanded Digger as the shambling hulk at the table before him stood up, clenching a plate of half-finished food and lumbered towards the door.

"Gonna go give doggie his dinner," muttered Terry.

"Starve the beasts!" exclaimed Digger angrily. "You ain't still got that mutiny doggo, 'ere ya?" He followed the colossal outside to where an extremely lanky-looking specimen of Australia's native wild dog was tied up in an old wire snare. "I told you to get rid of it," said the butcherer crossly. "We ain't got enough tucker for ourselves, let alone to feed that mother-in-law brute!"

Digger picked up a stick. "Go on, get out of it!" he yelled at the animal, which took no notice of him as it ravenously devoured the food on Terry's plate. Digger raised the stick, but then his arm was caught in a grip of iron!

"Doggie not harm doggie - or Terr hurt him!" said Terry meaningly, his bulging eye glaring at the butcherer.

Such was the pressure of the pointed hand which gripped him, that Digger was in no doubt how Terry had accidentally killed people with his mighty, uncontrollable strength!

"Oo! Longo! Yer heave 'er!" he yelled, wrenching his browned arm free. Then, with renewed courage, Digger added: "If you won't get rid of the doggo, then you'll have to go, too!"

Terry stood swaying uncertainly for a moment. Then, noticing the butcher's hands, he suddenly made up his clouded mind. "If that mutty Digger want it, then Terr chase off!"

As the colossal charged off into the bush, Digger yelled after him. "No,

don't go, either - I didn't mean it!"

But it was too late. Terry had gone. "That, the stupid doggo will soon be back . . . I've got no more idea of how to look after himself than a six-month-old baby!" muttered Digger, pecking up an axe and starting to chop more wood for the stove.

Not having developed any power of reasoning or peaceful arguing, Terry flew into uncontrollable rages whenever there was any friction between him and Digger. Now the spirit vanished in way through the bush, roaring and howling. "Terr show Digger how he can look after himself and doggie!" he howled.

After an hour, he came to a high fence stretching as far as the eye could see. "It didn't please him!"

"Nothing stop Terr?" he roared and charged full-pelt at the obstruction. It was no contact as a concrete post snapped like a sapling under twenty tons of solid muscle! The noise reading "PRIVATE - KEEP OUT" meant nothing to Terry as he snuggled it underfoot. Terry couldn't read!

The ground sloped sharply downwards, then levelled out. Suddenly, Terry found himself out in the open, staring up at an amazing sight!

A vast, white wall of concrete towered a hundred metres above him, spanning a wide valley.

"Lookie, doggie - don't!" the colossal sneezed proudly. He knew what it was, because Digger had been complaining bitterly about the construction. "Why are they spoiling the countryside with these fumes' monstrosities?" the butcherer had asked. "We don't need no new-fangled electric power out here in the bush. It's just an excuse for that crook Jed Carver to make even more money!"

Terry stirred as one for a moment, then slumped to climb an imposing gully in the side of the dam.

"Lower - Terr go have lookie," he said happily, his rage now gone as fast as it had arrived. As he climbed higher, he could see the vast lake that had built up behind the dam after the Spring rainy season. A hole ready to be released in a controlled stream into the river on the other side of the dam, to produce hydro-electric power for the town.

At that moment, in a control blockhouse on top of the dam, construction boss Red Carver frowned on a chair, surrounded by three of his foremen. A two-way radio was in his hand. He pressed a button on the instrument.

"Everything ready down there, Clem?" he enquired.

"Yeah, boss . . . all set for the first phase!" came the crackling reply.

Carver's thin, mouse-eared-tipped mouth broke into a cunning smile. "Go for it, then!" he ordered.

A series of sharp explosions made Terry jump. He stared at the dam,



where its path of trouble appeared at regular intervals along the concrete wall. A worried frown crossed his face. Suddenly, there was a different, sharper-sounding noise and a bullet panged off the steel rail of the accessible tower.

He gave a yell and began descending the tower as fast as his round body would take him, as more bullets whistled past.

"What the heck is all that shooter's about down there?" Carver yelled into his walkie-talkie.

The crackle came back. "There's some bloke put through the security fence . . . he's seen everything! But he's run off down the track!"

"Get the four-by-four ready - we're comin' down!" rapped Carver. "Whoever it is, he's gotta be silenced!"

INJURED!

TEN minutes later, Jed and his three henchmen were aboard a powerful truck, lurching along the rutted track leading from the dam site. Sunlight glinted on the barrels of the high-powered hunting rifles they held in readiness.

"Which way did he go, Clem?" Carver called to the driver.

"South - towards Woollogong Springs!" came the answer. "He was a really big bloke, boss!"

"Well, y'know what they say, Clem - the bigger they are, the harder they fall . . . specially with a bullet or two





"Must . . . tell people in town about dragon doggo," he pointed to his pet dragon running beside him.

"There he is . . . I his see the dragon!" yelled one of the townsmen, raising his rifle. He unleashed a volley of shots at the distant dragon. But they only splintered trees on the side of the track. Ted pushed the men aside.

in "em!" screamed the construction boss. "We gotta stop him before he spoils the town, so keep your eyes peeled, men!"

Meanwhile, a mile ahead, Torry was toying along the track as fast as his big teeth could go. He knew something was wrong and from previous experiences, he also knew that bullets could hurt!



"You couldn't hit a barn door from two meters. McKenna! Hold the truck steady. Quiet!" he commanded, squinting through his telescopic sight. Softly he pulled the fire-trigger. There was a single report. Up ahead, the fleeing figure crashed to the ground.

"That's how to shoot! You miss dogs!" and Carver proudly, unslinging his rifle. "Come on, let's go pick him up and feed him to the crows at the house!"

Terry lay where he had fallen, blood oozing from the side of his head. As the dogs licked his face, the columns of smoke thickened again. His head throbbed as he heard the approaching truck. Slowly, he reached out a muzzled hand and closed it over a rock at the side of the track.

When the truck was ten meters from him, Terry suddenly got to his knees.

"Hey, you must have only missed him. Jed - AAAARRGH!" The driver's words cut off in a scream as the lion's rock smashed through the windscreen. Clavering, the truck dived off the track, throwing the four men off the open bank. Carver rolled over, then leapt to his feet in a fury.

"Why that lousy, no-good creep!" he roared. "Get up, you damn bunch and go after him!"

"U-huh, boss... did you see the guy? He looked like some kinda monster!" stuttered one of the foremen, picking himself up.



"And so well too, if you don't obey my orders!" screamed Jed. "Now spread out and we'll exterminate him!"

They advanced in a semi-circle into the scrubland bordering the track. Up ahead, Terry was running scared!

"Terry, hurry! Terry, hurry!" he muttered, holding the side of his head where the bullet had caught him a glancing blow. Next moment, he suffered more pain, which came in the form of a vivid, blue flash, throwing him to the ground and causing him to involuntarily scream out!

"What the heck was that?" gasped one of Carver's men nervously.



The construction boss snarled evilly. "Geeze he's just found Greg Nolan's new scheme. You know he's had just round his spread. We've got him now, fellows!"

Terry struggled to his knees and stared at the fence which buzzed quietly under the power of the electric current. He whispered fearfully to his pet dog.

"I've in hand trouble, doggie... need help... or get verry dead!"

Almost as if on cue, the animal raised its head and let out an awful howl! Howl followed howl, echoing eerily around the trees.

Jed's men checked.

"What's that?" exclaimed one.

"Ain't we ever heard a dog howl before?" retorted Jed. "It's howling cause it can scent death!"

There was a rustling in the bushes. "It's over there!" said Carver, raising his rifle. "I'll soon put a stop to the critter's howling!"

More bushes moved. Then, suddenly, twenty snarling, grey dogs leaped themselves from cover.

"Enough!" screamed one of the men, as razor sharp teeth closed round his arm. The flailing thing's called up a whole pack of its mates!

"Quick, get back to the truck, boys!" yelled Carver, firing wildly at the snoring bands of dogs snapping around them.

Nursing brown arms and legs, the men pushed their vehicle. "Has time to wait," urged Carver, ignoring the protests of the others. "That crop's gotta follow the fence towards Woolgoing Springs... and the only way into town is across the bridge over the river - and that's where we'll get the dropper! Now push the truck back on the road and let's get goin'!"

Having discovered that his wound was no more than a large scratch, Terry was in much better spirits. "Doggies name Terr from now on!" he chirped in his child-like tone. "Terr give you a bow, fozzed when we get to town!" Matt lolled lazily. "Then so if I remember," he added. "Get to town soon!" And he set off at an ambling pace.

Not having taken over the injured Clint, drove the truck like a madman. "I'm gonna get that dropper if it's the last thing I do!" he muttered from between clenched teeth.

"Steady, boy - we'll be at the bridge before him, without missing the truck up any more!" warned one of the men.

Just ahead the truck reared a signal - to meet a state police car coming straight towards them! Slamming on the brakes, Carver stopped just in time. Two state troopers got out of the police vehicle.

"Friday, Master Carver - in a hurry are you?" asked one.

"Oh, yeah - er, gotta get some medical attention for the boys in Woolgoing Springs," replied Carver, thinking fast. "Get attacked by a pack of dogs!"

"Looks like your truck's taken a bit of a bumping, too, sir," said the other trooper. "I should get that windshield fixed as soon as possible. You save everything, all right?"

"Yeah, fine - we ain't broke the law or anything, have we?" answered Carver.

"No - but cut your speed down on this track. It's a bit narrow and you never know who you might meet," said the trooper, getting back into his car.

"Course it'll catch up Carver as they get going again. "We really gotta move a now to stop that crop getting to town!"

He drove at break-neck speed for two miles, until the bridge came in sight.

"No sign of that monster guy!" called one of the men.

"Good?" answered Carver. "We'll cross the bridge and block the end - so there's no way he can get past! Then we'll have a little target practice!"

But being stopped by the troopers had cost Ted precious time! And at that moment beneath the far side of the bridge, Terry was waiting! He wrapped his massive arms around one of the truck's supporting beams and tugged with all his mighty strength.

There was an ominous "crack" as the beam came away from the post holding up the main crosspiece of the

structure. The weight of Carver's truck was enough to finish the job!

"Look out! The bridge is going - away for it!" yelled one of the men.

Just landed himself from the cab and he and his men just managed to scramble back the way they'd come before the whole framework of the bridge collapsed, pushing the truck into the swirling waters below.

On the far bank, Terry jumped up and down with excited glee. "Hurr, hurr! Nasty men no catch Terr now!" he cackled. "Gonna, doggie - get to town soon!"

SHOWDOWN!

AFTER half an hour's shambling along, he came to the small group of homesteads that made up the town of Woolgoing Springs, so called because it was built around a number of small ponds. Some children were playing in a paddock by a wooden-built hangar.

"Must go on - dangger!" Terry yelled at them. They took one look at the shambling figure and ran screaming towards the house. A man came to the door holding a shotgun.

"What the heck?" he exclaimed on seeing the colossal and his pet dingo running through the paddock. "Clear off, you crazy dropper! I'll teach you to frighten my kids!"

A shotgun blast narrowly missed Terry and the pet dingo roared off the iron framework of a tall, watery tower. "Nooooo - nooo - don't shoot - much dangger," yelled Terry, backing off.

The man followed him threateningly. "I'll give you one last chance to get going, coddler - or all be curtains for you!"

Terry picked up a stone and threw it at the man.

"Right, you've asked for it," shouted the homesteader and raised the gun again. Terry ducked behind a large storage tank just as the weapon was fired.

Suddenly, a tremendous blast blew the colossal off his feet and burning liquid gazed everywhere, setting light

to the ground and bushes.

"Oh - coppers - I've hit the fuel storage tank!" exclaimed the man. "Quick, kids - into the truck! We gotta get out of here!"

An explosion roared. Terry picked up his pet dingo and ran to a small pool near the water tower and plunged in.

Flames seemed to be everywhere with trees, bushes and grass all ablaze! By just keeping his head above the water, Terry was safe from the roaring inferno. He watched the homesteader gather up his family and drive off at high speed.

Soon, there was nothing left to burn around him and he stepped from the pool on to scorched earth. He climbed the water tower and from his lofty perch, he could see the fire raging around the remaining houses. A jangle of cars and trucks were barely scuttling the area and driving to high ground, clear of the now out-of-control bank fire.

Terry laughed out loud. The result was exactly what he had intended to happen! "People all saved!" he said proudly.

"Yeah, but no-one's gonna save you, codd!" came a ringing voice.

The colossal looked down - and what he saw filled him with horror! At the foot of the tower stood Ted Carver and his men!

"You've got some payin' to do, dropper!" snarled Carver, manfully. "One bullet will be too good for you! This gonna chip you down from there, peep by peep!"

He aimed his rifle, but even as he took aim, a scaring grey shape cascaded into him knocking him off





his feet and sending the bullets harmlessly into the air.

"It's that flamin' danger... get it, boys!" screamed Carver.

But his words seemed meaningless, as the ominous rumbling noise filled the air. Then one of them pointed in horror.

"Look... the dam's gone too soon!" he yelled, as a wall of water forty metres high roared down the valley! It was the last thing Carver and his men ever saw as the boiling torrent smashed into Woollogong Springs and engulfed them.

Houses and barns were swept away like matchwood under the swirling tide. From his perch atop the water tower, Terry was the only witness to the terrible scene of devastation. It was as if the whole world had flooded!

But now, the rising waters rose higher and belatedly in the tower.

which rocked alarmingly. Slowly, it started to tip sideways as the foundations were weakened.

Suddenly, Terry became aware of a tremendous wind beating down on him and as if by magic, a rope with a shag smothered dangled in front of him. He looked up to see a police helicopter hovering some thirty metres above. Digger Middleton was leaning out of the craft's side door.

"Get in the sling - quickly!" the bushman yelled.

The colonos didn't understand what he meant, but his huge, gnarled hands grasped the rope, just as the tower disappeared beneath the rising water.

"Hang on, cobber!" shouted Digger as the watchman threw the machinery into gear to bring the rope up. Seconds later, Terry was hauled into the chopper.

"Wow!" exclaimed Digger, wiping his brow. "We couldn't have cut that any faster, pal! One of the housewives rushed to say you had started a fire in the town so I grabbed a lift in the coppers' whirlybird!"

"Terry not want fire, only wanted to warn about dam!" the colonos gasped. "But where's a doggie?" he enquired worriedly.

Digger looked down at the flooded landscape and shook his head. "I'm sorry, cobber, but there's no way your pet could've survived that," he said quietly.

When they got back to police headquarters, Terry was interrogated.

"Fire rising is a serious crime, Mister Carver," said the inspector severely. "It was lucky for you that the dam burst and put the blaze out!"

"None... Terry know dam damaged... Carver blew it up! Only wanted to warn people!" replied the colonos desperately.

"Now why would Carver want to blow up his own dam?" went on the inspector. "He'll never be able to tell us, even if he did... which I doubt very much. I -" He broke off as another policeman burst into the room.

"Sorry to interrupt, sir," said the man, "but we've just picked up one of Carver's men... found him clinging to the inspection tower at the side of the dam site. He's confessed everything! Seems Carver had found traces of a huge oil deposit under Woollogong Springs. So he built the dam, intending to flood the valley and obliterate the town, so he could then move in and tap up the land cheaply and drill for the oil!"

The inspector put down his pen. "Sorry, Mister Middleton, but it seems your pal here deserves a medal, rather than a prison sentence for fire-raising!"

"You can keep my medal, cobber!" said Digger curtly. "We just want to go home and be left alone."

As they went outside, another helicopter was landing. A familiar shape dashed from the chopper and leapt into Terry's arms.

"Doggie come back!" gasped the astonished colonos.

"Brought him on a bit of wood! Busting in the flood," explained the pilot. "Couldn't leave the poor critter to drown!"

"Digger not tell Terry to get rid of doggie again!" asked Terry anxiously.

"No way, mate... he's years for keeps," smiled the bushman. "Just so long as you stay, too!"



THE PHARADHUS CURSE

ELIAS TOLD THE CITY COUNCIL TO BURY THE TOWN OF PHARADHUS BECAUSE THE CURSE THAT STATES "DEATH WILL COME TO THOSE WHO ENTER THE DOOR OF THE PHARADHUS."



AND ON ONE FEBRUARY, OVER 1000 OF PHARADHUS BROKE THROUGH INTO THE CEMETERY CHAMBER OF PHARADHUS.

THE BROTHER AND HIS BROTHER MOVED ON-TO THE TWO DOOR CHAMBER BEHIND...



"WHICH DOOR'S BEHIND THAT OLD DOOR, GUYS?"

"PROBABLY SOMEBODY TOLD US SOMEBODY TO GO, COME ON - LET'S HAVE A QUICK LOOK!"



SEE - OVER THIS DOOR, I SAW THAT'S A CURSE! I LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

DON'T BE SCARED, IT'S JUST A LITTLE BLOOD JAMBO! I'M GOING TO HAVE A PEEL...



REMEMBER THE CURSE!

THE NIGHTS LATER, HE CAME AS A RESULT OF THE PHARADHUS CURSE!

BUT WHEN DARK OPENED THE DOOR...



AAARGH!

THE MEN FISHED BACK...



THE TOWN WAS COLLAPSED IN CHAOS OF FIGHT BLOOD.

THE PHARADHUS CURSE A THOSE WHO ENTER MUST HAVE BEEN A CURSE!

A CURSE? ON DEATH! NO, THE DOOR OF THE PHARADHUS ENTRANCE FOR EMPLOYEES WHO WORK IN THE PHARADHUS.



AND THE HIGHEST-LEVEL MANAGER OF THE DOOR?

THE END



HUNT FOR DRACULA

START

1 2 3

5

6 7

8

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12 13 14

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18 17

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20 21 22

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83

ON THE DARK MOON OF THIS FULL MOON, A SHADOWY FIGURE SCREAMED IN PAIN AS HE TRANSFORMED INTO THE NIGHT PREDATOR—THE WEREWOLF!



TONIGHT THE WOLF HUNTS!



LEIGH

Beware the WEREWOLF!





MORNING IN THE HOME OF EDWARD WADLEY

NOOOO!



FATHER, WAS IT THE SAME NIGHT-MARRIED AGAIN?

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND CHRISTOPHER!

THEY'RE FAR TOO DEAD TO BE JUST DEAD!



FIVE PEOPLE DEAD AND THE PRESS ARE HAVING A FIELD DAY

WILLING! HAVE YOU GOT THOSE SPIRITS YET?



YES, SIR IT SEEMS LUTHERFORDHARD BIRD SERIES OF SIMILAR UNLAWFUL MURDERS THE PRESS DUBBED THEM 'DEADLY' KILLINGS. IT'S THE SAME STORY FOR MANCHESTER AND LEEDS

ANY LEADS? NO FLIN INTENDED

WELL, THERE IS ONE. I SUPPOSE LEADS POLICE INTERVIEWED AN ED-UP GAMES HUNTER, WHO SEEMS TO DROP UP AT THE CRUCIAL MOMENT IN EACH CASE



I WONDER WHOSE THIS FOLLOW-UP IS NOW? WHAT'S HIS NAME?

WADLEY, SIR EDWARD WADLEY!



AND IT APPEARS THAT EACH TIME THERE'S BEEN ONE OF THESE MURDERS, MURDER WADLEY, YOU'VE BEEN IN THE VICINITY DO YOU HAVE ANY COMMENT, SIR?

OH REALLY? INSPECTOR-ARE YOU ACCUSING MY FATHER OF RECKONING THE SPIRITS CARRYING UP PEOPLE?



I SUGGEST YOU EITHER COME UP WITH SOME EVIDENCE OR LEAVE-~~RIGHT~~ NOW!



VERY WELL, SIR-I'LL LEAVE AT THE MOMENT WE HAVEN'T GOT ANY EVIDENCE. HOW MANY MORE PEOPLE WILL DIE BEFORE WE DO GET SOME?

THAT EVENING







Q: DOES SHARP EARS
HAD DETECTED THE
SOUND



MY LADY!
YOU HAVE
FOUND MY
SPOKE...!

AYL
GOOD
GUARD...



I KNOW THAT YOU WERE
DOES A FARMER WARRIOR IN THE
SOUND OF FORTSALL
AND PART WHEN YOU COULD
OF HIS COUNTRY AND WOULD
TO TRY HIS COUNTRY...



IT WAS HE
WHO MADE YOU
BLIND!



BUT NOW MY EYES WILL BE FREE
FROM DARKNESS! FORTSALL, MY NAME
IS NOW THE ONLY WARRIOR WHO CAN
CARRY AND USE IT! THE NAME OF THE
WARRIOR... REARDED SOME WHO LIVES
IN FORTSALL WARRIOR!



BUT
THAT'S
A WARRIOR
BLIND!

THEY TEACH ARE TO FIGHT LIKE A WARRIOR
I CAN ONLY THE SKILL AND STRENGTH
TO DESTROY THE HOUSE
OF WARRIOR!



SO BE IT, MY LADY... IF THAT IS YOUR WISH! BUT THE TRAINING WILL BE HARD!

MY HATRED WILL SUBSIDING, MY LADY! ALL DARKNESS HAS BEEN PURGED FROM MY SOUL...



NO, BETH! YOUR WEIGHT WAS ON THE FADING SOULS OF THE DAMNED OF THE WOODS...



ALTHOUGH QUINN WAS TRULY BLIND, HIS SENSES OF HEARING AND SMELL HAD LONG SINCE COMPENSATED FOR THE LOSS OF HIS EYES!

WELL, PERHAPS! YOUR DEFECTS WILL SOON BE NO TEST AT ALL...



AS BETH'S STRENGTH AND CONFIDENCE GROWN, SHE LEARNED TO MASTER THE BOW...

...THE DEADLY BLOOD BOW...

AND TO BOW THE GREAT BLOOD BOW, SHE HAD TO LEARN TO BOW THE GREAT BLOOD BOW...

...AND, MY LADY...

WORTHLESS! QUINN WAS A LITTLE DARK, BUT IT WASN'T MORE THAT HE COULD TEACH ME! I AM READY!

JUST QUINN, MY LADY! YOU DON'T RIDE AGAINST DARKNESS IN THESE WOODS...



YOU WILL NEED ARMOR! /
SACRAMENTS OF PAUL AND
LEONARD THAT WILL TURN THE
SHARPEST BLADE... THE
SWIFTEST ARROW!



BLACK ARMS... TO WATCH
MY DEEDS I FEEL THIS DAY FORTH-
MEN SHALL KNOW ME DEER THE
DARKNESS OF MY
APPAREL...



THEY SHALL KNOW ME BY
THE NAME THAT I NOW ADOPT!
BE WHICH I SWEAR TO COMBAT
ONLY IN ALL ITS VILE FORMS...



A NAME BORN
OF THE BLACK RAGE
THAT FEELS MY
HEART.....



... **BLACK
BETH!**

DOES THIS ENTIRE
 AS THE BLACK CLAD
 GUARDIAN FORM,
 WITH THE BARK
 NORTH AND SOUTHERN
 SCOTLAND, AT THE
 STARRS?



DEATH... AT A NEARBY VILLAGE, TO
 WHICH SOME OF THE ELDERLY OF
 HOLLERS HAD
 FLED!



BY ALL THE GODS!
 THAT HALLS OF DARK-
 NESS ARE BANGING
 RIGHT AGAINST
 US NOW?

GET YOUR
 HOMES, QUICKLY!



WAIT, NO FRIENDS! THE HAVE
 NOTHING TO FEAR FROM ME!

THAT... WHAT?
 THAT... WHAT?
 THAT... WHAT?

DEATH...



VENGEANCE FOR THE
 DEATH OF MY VILLAGE! MANY OF
 YOUR KINSLINGS THAT SAID DEATH IN
 HOLLERS! AND YOU AGREE TO STAND
 BY AND LET THEM PERISH IN VAIN...?



AY... TO BEHOLD
 BUT I AM MET THE
 WINDING VILLAGE PRISON
 THAT WAS FILLED FROM THE
 CRADLES OF HOLLERS!
 (THAT IS A
 TERRIBLE
 THING...)



REARME THIS VILLAGE
WILL BE BURNED ON SUGGAL'S
SACRIFICE! WE MUST
PROVE OUR... **WITTS**
OUT MARCH!
BEFORE IT IS
TOO LATE!



SHE IS ARMED!
WE WILL NEVER KNOW
WHAT SHE CAN DO
WITH THE VALLEY!

AND I...!

I AM
WITH YOU
DIE!



THE
LIE
WAS
THE
MIST
TO!

ALON YOURSELF!
SAND APOLOGIES TO
THE OTHER VILLAGES...
BEFORE THAT SET
HIS OWN ON CASTLE
HALLS!

HAIRFEFE!

SOON THIS TOWER
WILL
BE A BRIDGE OF DEATH...
FURNISH YOUR
CASTLE HALLS!



THE REARMS FLOCKED TO JOIN BUTH'S ARMY!



WHAT DO
YOU WANT
OF IT,
OTTO?

THE
WILL
THE
WILL
OF
LATER
TO
HALLS!

THEY'VE BEEN HATED
TO BE DESTROYED AT SUCH
A LATE HOUR!

...AN ARMY OF PEASANTS?
ARMED WITH SWORDS AND
PITCHFORKS?

EYE, MY LORD,
THEY'VE BEEN
MASSACRED US IN
THE STREETS OF
THE DEAD!

FOOL! THESE VILLAINS WILL
NEVER DARE ATTACK!

THEY ADVANCE AS IF NOTHING CAN
STOP THEM! SAY, BEHOLD THE
HORSE THAT BRINGS THEM!

IS-IT COIN'S
BLOOD?

IN KING STRANGE,
SUGGEST THAT THE
SWEETLANDS BEHOLD OF
JUST AND TRAPPEE
AND MARRIED
SOME SHADOW!

TO THE VILLAINS!
THE RABBIT OF
PARADISE!
MY SON IS WILD,
KEEP CARE...

WILL BRING ME BACK TO THE
TERRIBLE HOUSE!

IT GOES
TO BE!

SOON, THE REDD-
STAINED PLEASURE
OF PEASANT AND
RICHES SHOWN IN
TERRIBLE HASTE!

HARK, YOU STUPID CLOWN,
THEY ARE CHANGING CLOTHES!
LEARN WHAT YOU CHANGEST
CARRY!

FROM THE TREASURE-
CHAMBER A BLINDING
FLASHBOLT HED UNDER THE
FOLLOWSHIP OF THE
DARTS.

THE MASTER—
WHY MUST ALL FIRES AND
CONQUESTS / THIS DAY / I
RIDE OF PHALANX?

EVEN LED BY
A WIZARD IN BLACK
ROBES, WE CAN
NOT FIGHT
WITCHCRAFT!

NOT EVEN
DOLPHINS AND
CRABBY PITCH
COULD STOP
MELTAN
WITCH
ARMY!

ON MY FRIENDS!
THE FUR WHO ENLIGHTENED
KID COINED WITMAN...

PEREGRINE!

DEAD MEN FROM
THE LANDS OF
ANYONE WHO
LIVES IN
OUR TIME!

IT HAS BEGUN!
THEY ARE ATTACKING
MY CATTLE...!

WAAAAAH!

SECRET: THE GIRL IS
BENEFITED!

THE WIZARD
COULD NOT
WARRIOR THE
DOLPHINS.

WAAAAH!

SOON, THE BODIES OF
SARUM'S MEN WERE
LITTERING THE COURT-
YARD!

THAT ACCURSED LEADER
IS NOT AMONG THE DEAD!
HE MUST BE SOMEBODY IN
THE CASTLE! FIND HIM,
AND BRING HIM TO ME!

EVERY CHAMBER AND TURRET WAS SEARCHED...

THE CASTLE IS
EMPTY, WITH NO WORD
OF THE TREASURES AMONG!
THEY MUST HAVE USED
THE SECRET
PASSAGE!

BY
ALL THE
GODS...!

THAT CUR
JUST PAY FOR HIS
CRIMES, GUARDS! FETTER
THE HORSE! THERE'LL BE
NO SLEEP FOR BLACK
BETH UNLESS THE TOWNS
IS DONE...

LET THEM
GO, MY LADY!
SARUM WILL NEVER
PUNISH OUR PEOPLE
AGAIN!



THROUGH SWAMP AND
FOREST, FIGHTING THE
GUNS TO KEEP THEIR SLEEP-
STARVED LIMBS... THE
STRONG AVENGERS
FORCED ON...



THE VILLAGERS WERE PUTTING THE CARTER TO
THE TOWNS AS THEY RODE ON... WITH THE
FIGHTING, SWAMP STILL LIMPING AT HIS HEELS!

UNTIL... AT DAWN ON
THE SECOND DAY /

THERE, GUYS!
CLIMBING THROUGH
THOSE FOOTHILLS!
WE HAVE FOUND
THEM!

FOR SOME TIME,
COUNT RASSETT HAD
SUSPECTED THAT HE
WAS BEING
FOLLOWED /

I MIGHT
HAVE KNOWN
THAT SHE WOULD
SHOW ME! THAT
WHEN A WOMAN
LOOKS AT ME, SHE
WILL NEVER
LEAVE ME IN
PEACE...

... NOT
UNTIL ONE
OF US IS
DEAD!

TAKE THE MEN, OTTO...
I'LL TAKE THE GIRL AND DRAGON
AND I'LL MEET YOU AGAIN
FOR THE REST OF YOUR
LIFE!

IT SHALL
BE DONE,
SIR...

COUNT RASSETT'S CAPTAIN
HAD HIS ANSWER WELL!

OH, IT COMING,
CAPTAIN! BUT THERE'S
NO SIGN OF THAT IN-
FERNAL DRAGON!

THE MEN COUNT!
THEY WILL WORRY
ABOUT THAT SLOTHFUL
OF THEM!

AAA-AAAGH!

POOR'S BLOOD,
WE'RE GOING AWAY!
THE WITCH FALLS
AT LAST...

CONTINUED ON PAGE 55

NASTIES!

Terropod



Since the dawn of history, the Arctic Terropod had been frozen within the deep wastes of the Northern snow continent. It was the heat from the explorers' mechanical equipment which disturbed its sleep. That heat slowly brought life to the creature. Ten exploration teams perished when they came up against this Arctic horror. It looked upon a passing Snow-Cat vehicle as a crunchy delicacy!

The SAND DEMON



A tourist stands before an ancient stone sculpture in a North African desert. The man little realises that what appears to be a solid carving is starting to move towards him... to reach out for him! This amazing, silicon-based lifeform has stood in its desert location for centuries, waiting to feed on passing travellers. No-one has been near this spot for many years... and the Sand Demon isavenous!

DEATH ROAD!

IT WAS A BUSY DAY SPRING DAY
THE ROAD WASN'T CROWDED
THE CAR WASN'T CROWDED
THEY WERE AWAY FROM THE
JUNCTION WHICH WAS TO COME!











Ghastly's Ghastly QUIZ

Greetings, mortals! I have been busy penning this Ghastly Quiz for you. I challenge you to answer all the questions correctly. Even I couldn't answer them all...and I set the questions!

2

The York Dungeon is a creepy place to visit. It is in York of course. In London, there is a similar establishment. What is it called?

The York Dungeon

4

GRASTLY'S Film Weirdsearch!

Hidden in the grid are the titles of famous horror films. Can you find them? The clues are written in straight letters, some vertically, some horizontally.

N	E	E	W	O	L	L	A	H
G	H	A	N	E	I	L	A	G
N	A	L	U	M	U	M	M	Y
I	B	O	H	C	Y	S	P	G
N	W	I	A	M	J	A	N	N
I	E	R	R	U	A	H	E	I
H	D	J	A	D	W	F	M	H
S	A	L	E	M	S	L	O	T
K	I	N	G	K	O	N	G	G

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G	H	A	N	E	I	L	A	G
N	A	L	U	M	U	M	M	Y
I	B	O	H	C	Y	S	P	G
N	W	I	A	M	J	A	N	N
I	E	R	R	U	A	H	E	I
H	D	J	A	D	W	F	M	H
S	A	L	E	M	S	L	O	T
K	I	N	G	K	O	N	G	G

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N	E	E	W	O	L	L	A	H
G	H	A	N	E	I	L	A	G
N	A	L	U	M	U	M	M	Y
I	B	O	H	C	Y	S	P	G
N	W	I	A	M	J	A	N	N
I	E	R	R	U	A	H	E	I
H	D	J	A	D	W	F	M	H
S	A	L	E	M	S	L	O	T
K	I	N	G	K	O	N	G	G

My noble friend Count Dracula stars in this first question. He can change into a bat. True or false?

3

Take a look at these two drawings of me. At first glance, you humans may think they are exactly alike. But picture two has been changed in six ways. Can you spot the changes?

QUIZ·QUIZ·QUIZ·QUIZ·QUIZ·QUIZ·QUIZ

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N	E	E	W	O	L	L	A	H
G	H	A	N	E	I	L	A	G
N	A	L	U	M	U	M	M	Y
I	B	O	H	C	Y	S	P	G
N	W	I	A	M	J	A	N	N
I	E	R	R	U	A	H	E	I
H	D	J	A	D	W	F	M	H
S	A	L	E	M	S	L	O	T
K	I	N	G	K	O	N	G	G

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QUIZ·QUIZ·QUIZ·QUIZ·QUIZ·QUIZ·QUIZ

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The York Dungeon

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N	E	E	W	O	L	L	A	H
G	H	A	N	E	I	L	A	G
N	A	L	U	M	U	M	M	Y
I	B	O	H	C	Y	S	P	G
N	W	I	A	M	J	A	N	N
I	E	R	R	U	A	H	E	I
H	D	J	A	D	W	F	M	H
S	A	L	E	M	S	L	O	T
K	I	N	G	K	O	N	G	G

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I	B	O	H	C	Y	S	P	G
N	W	I	A	M	J	A	N	N
I	E	R	R	U	A	H	E	I
H	D	J	A	D	W	F	M	H
S	A	L	E	M	S	L	O	T
K	I	N	G	K	O	N	G	G

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I	B	O	H	C	Y	S	P	G
N	W	I	A	M	J	A	N	N
I	E	R	R	U	A	H	E	I
H	D	J	A	D	W	F	M	H
S	A	L	E	M	S	L	O	T
K	I	N	G	K	O	N	G	G

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G	H	A	N	E	I	L	A	G
N	A	L	U	M	U	M	M	Y
I	B	O	H	C	Y	S	P	G
N	W	I	A	M	J	A	N	N
I	E	R	R	U	A	H	E	I
H	D	J	A	D	W	F	M	H
S	A	L	E	M	S	L	O	T
K	I	N	G	K	O	N	G	G

QUIZ·QUIZ·QUIZ·QUIZ·QUIZ·QUIZ·

A happy smile from a grinning werewolf! What type of bullet can kill such a creature? A gold bullet or a silver one?

5

6

Here I am with one of my special friends... the Poisonous Pod Spider of the Pacific. Nice insects, spiders. But are they really insects?

BEWARE THE WEREWOLF

7

Not one, but six pictures of someone who appears to be a relative of Frankenstein's monster! But only two of these faces are exactly alike. Which ones?

8

We started with Gracile, so we'll finish with him. What can kill him? A stake through the heart, head or back?

Answers

[illegible]

QUIZ-QUIZ-QUIZ

head or back? **QUIZ·QUIZ·QUIZ**

Special Message From

Many readers want to know what I look like when I'm editing SCREAM HOLIDAY SPECIAL each year. Just for you, here's the answer... I look wonderful! This picture was taken of me while I was working out exactly what to put on this page. Remember, I'm the only Editor to have an office deep in the depths!

Ghastly McNasty!

Down in the Depths...



HOW, YOU PRIESTESS OF
HIRE... WE'LL MAKE A LITTLE
SPOOF BEFORE WE TAKE
YOU BACK TO
BASSALI!

THE CROSSBOW BOAT
HAD CLANDED FROM
BEFORE LEADER
KAMOL... BUT THE
MURDER (KAMOL) TO
HAVE STUNNED HER.



BUT...

GLADLY!

MY HEAD
IS CUMBER THAN
YOU THINK.
CERTAIN...

... GUNDO MAN
MY ARMOUR
WELL!

WOO-WOO-WOO!



AND IF YOU ARE
WONDERING WHAT
BECAUSE OF HIM...
TAKE A LOOK OVER
THERE!

BEWARE!

BEWARE
YOU
CAME...!



"THAT'S IT,
MY FRIENDS!
KEEP SCREAMING
AND SCREAMING!
THUS HAVE AT
THE SOUND OF
YOUR VOICES...!"

"ONLY ONE OF THEM! HE'S DESTROYED
THE SHIRT AND YOUR ONE SLAVE!"

"... HE IS
MORTALLY
WOUNDED.
BUT! SHALL
I PUT HIM OUT
OF HIS
MISERY?"

"NO!
NOT
YET!"

"... NOT
UNTIL HE HAS
TOLD ME WHOSE
HIS MASTER IS
HEARD! HURRY,
YOU DOOMED
WRETCH, OR I
SHALL LEAVE
YOU TO
GLIDE!"

"HEARME...
THE GREAT BASS!
THE MASTER WISE,
TAKING MEAT WITH
AQUINO'S BOWMAN!"

"DEAL THAT IT
WAS! KEEPING
TRUTH? THEY SHOULD
HAVE DEALT WITH
THE GIRL BY NOW..."

"HE IS
AN EXPERT
IN THE ART
OF MAKING
A MAN GO
SLOW..."



WAIT!
THERE IS...
SOMEBODY NOW!
A WH-PLIND SCRAMING
OUTSIDE THE
CAVE...

WHAT'S...
THERE?
IS THAT...
SOME OTHER
OLD MAN...?



I'M AFRAID YOUR
CAPTAIN LOST HIS
NAME, KASSAL!



SO HAVE THE
CHANCE! BUT YOU
SHOULD NOT HAVE
BORN, WHICH TO DO
A MAN'S
WORK!

B-BETH...!



WHAT... WHAT DO YOU
WANT OF ME, BETH? THE
IS IT THE GOLD... THE
POWERS? I'VE
TAKE IT. DON'T
GIVE!

BETH, KASSAL!
WAS IT ANY THAT
THE PEOPLE OF
HOUSTED...?



AT LEAST I SHALL GIVE YOU THE CHANCE
TO DIE IN SINGLE COMBAT!

NEVER,
YOU SWIL-
HERTED
WENCH!



The End?

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